FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Petroleum has been discovered in the Punjab, Hindostan.

—China's navy consists of nearly seventy vessels of all sizes and constructed almost entirely under native supervision.

—Lord Ripon, the Viceroy of India, is immensely popular among the natives, and the Calcutta native papers were printed in golden ink in honor of his recent visit.

—An iron-worker named Stokes, of Manchester, Eng., found a hare in a trap, and as it was suffering greatly he killed it. The act being committed on Sunday, a bench of magistrates fined him twenty shillings.

—Frederick William, the Crown Prince of Germany, and heir apparent to the throne, who has been visiting Spain and Italy lately, is fifty-two years of age. At home he is known as "Unser Fritz," which, being translated, means "Our Fred."

—The Revenue and Agricultural Department of the India Government have been trying to introduce improved agricultural implements among the natives. The Indian farmers received eighty-three different kinds. From official reports received from various districts it appears that out of the whole number distributed twelve only of the implements found favor in the eyes of the native agriculturist. Among the acceptable new tools is an American corn-sheller.

—According to Dr. Sach, of Buenos Ayres, there is no danger of an exhaustion of the quinine supply. The experimental plantations in Java and the Island of Reunion have been very successful; and, besides these nurseries, the trees have been cultivated in Bolivia by the million for ten years. At three places in the last-named country, taken as they come, the number of trees growing is given, severally, at 70,000, 200,000 and 3,500,000.

—Here is a a description of a Russian prison, written by Prof. Thun, of Leipsic: "The prison at Kara, near Irkutsk, is said to be one of the worst. It is an ordinary farm-house, surrounded by a high fence. There are no tables or chairs, only platforms, on which the prisoners lie packed like sardines. The food consists merely of bread and soup, with a very little grit. There is no hospital or other care for the sick. All those condemned to hard labor are compelled to wear chains, whether at work or in prison, and all correspondence is forbidden."

—It is only just about one hundred years since the brutal punishment of pressing to death was abolished by law in Great Britain. It was supposed to be the penalty for felony, but any criminal who refused to plead either guilty or not guilty was condemned to it. The criminal condemned to be pressed was laid naked upon his back, and had iron laid upon him, as much as he could bear and more and more, being meantime fed upon bad bread and stagnant water until he either died or pleaded. In 1726 a man accused of murder in a small English town refused to plead and was pressed for an hour and three-quarters with nearly 400 pounds of iron, after which he pleaded not guilty, but was convicted and hanged.

Malta and the Maltese.

The Maltese Islands are four in number: Malta, Gosso, Comino and Cominitto—Malta being the largest of the group. The axis of the group—twenty-nine miles in length—runs from southeast to northwest in the same direction as the Appenines. Malta is fifty-five miles from the most southerly point of Sicily, and 125 miles from Mt. Etna. During the last great eruption of this 10,000-feet high mountain the glare of its fires was distinctly seen from here. About 200 miles southwest of us Cape Bon points its finger out into the sea, and the northeast end of Africa begins at the finger-nail. Thus situated then, midway between the continents of Europe and Africa, and directly in the middle of the great water highway connecting American and European markets with Egypt, Asia and the Indies, Malta possesses an importance easily realized. She has been possessed by all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean in turn, and has been a bone of contention whenever the dogs of war were let loose.

Malta and its officially styled "dependencies," though only fly-specks on the broad map of the world, now geographically form part of Europe, though as to climate and productions they have much in common with neighboring Africa. The island of Malta itself is seventeen miles long by nine miles broad. A boat sailing round it would traverse about fifty miles. Its principal ports are the Great and Quarantine harbors at Valletta, which are separated by the hog's-back tongue of land called Mount Sceberras, on which the city is built. Among other bays on the northern shore is that of St. Paul, in which, 1,800 years ago, the Christian orator was driven ashore. With the perspicacity that you would naturally suppose him possessed of, St. Paul lighted on his feet when he struck Malta, for he not only chose the most beautiful of all the bays in the island to be wrecked in, but the people received him kindly, and, being ripe for it, were easily converted to Christianity. Prior to St. Paul's advent the inhabitants of Malta worshipped mythological gods. Only yesterday I saw a statue of the goddess Juno, before which the ancient Maltese have bowed down and sacrificed. It stands under an archway in a niche of the gate that leads into the old city of Citta Vecchia—the most venerable of the Maltese cities. The fine Cathedral that stands there is several hundred years old, and is built on the site of the house of Publius, who entertained the great Apostle. There are long, narrow catacombs traversing at all angles the underground of Citta Vecchia, in which the early Christians took refuge from persecutors. They are dug through solid rock, which rock, however, is easily worked—cutting more like cheese than granite. The atmosphere of Citta Vecchia is hazy with legend and sacred with the localities connected with St. Paul's stay on the island, and the Catholics, whose religion now prevails here, have made the most of them.

The highest point of Malta is 750 feet above sea level. There are not many trees visible exceeding in the walled-in gardens of the wealthy Maltese, but in such enclosures oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranates and dry apples flourish. The potatoes raised in the island are of the best, and its string beans, peas and beets are not surpassed anywhere. Olives do well here and grow wild. In short, it is a climate most favorable for vegetables and semi-tropical fruits and flowers. The pumpkins are high in color but low in taste. A sawdust pudding would be as palatable as a Maltese pumpkin pie. The "fields" of the Maltese peasant are inclosed in stone walls and will not average more than half an acre each. Two-thirds of the surface of Malta is rock, and the soil of these fields has mostly been "made." It takes a man's lifetime to change a rock floor into a fertile "farm," but the Maltese are patient and industrious. They love their island. They affectionately call it Fior del Mando, or the Flower of the World; but to the naked eye of the traveler the appropriateness of the term is not apparent.

When I first came here the dreary grayness of the barren landscape, the burnt yellow soil, the intense white and tiresome yellow of the low, unlovely houses, the scanty foliage and the imprisoning sea surrounding it all gave me a feeling of loneliness and homesickness, to which I succumbed at once and went to bed with the heartache. I thought of a certain placid lake girdled by evergreens, through which in the dreamy Indian summer time all the possibilities of glowing colors were sprinkled in profusion, and the heartless landscapes of my island abode was blotted out of sight by tears. But I soon got to know that Malta was not devoid of beauty—a beauty peculiarly its own. It has an atmosphere of color that makes an impression deeper than that of form, and the very scenes that first repelled me soon assumed a fairness and vividness that won my warm admiration. It was an honest victory for Malta. In spite of myself, against my will, I have come to feel and appreciate the loveliness that rests on rock and sea, in sky and air and climate. I never tire of the sunsets and twilights. And I have found life and health and hope here, and, therefore, there is warm enthusiasm in my tone when I say, "Viva Malta!"

These islands once formed part of a much larger tract of land and probably belonged to Africa or Europe, perhaps both. It is evident that Malta has diminished in size during the historic period. On the southern shore are to be seen cart tracks which abruptly end at the very edge of a cliff eighty feet high. Similar ruts are elsewhere found throughout the island. Volcanic action, doubtless, has submerged the country that once made Malta part of a mainland. One writer claims Malta to be a bit of the classic Island of Atlantis. Its known history is classic enough for ordinary purposes. Its first inhabitants (of which there is any record) were the giants who dared to war with Jupiter. Homer says these first gigantic inhabitants (Cyclops) were named Phœacians, and called the island Hyperia. Calypso—the fascinating nymph—had a residence here in which she entertained Ulysses on his return from the siege of Troy, while his wife Penelope was waiting for him at home engaged in plain needlework and shirt-making. I called at Calypso's "residence" one day, but she was out. She lived in a wet cave.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Theater-Going in Paris.

A great many Americans who have never been in Paris imagine that, as it is the home and center of dramatic art, the theaters themselves and everything connected with them are perfect. This is one of the popular illusions that need to be dispelled. All the theaters, except the Eden, are stuffy and uncomfortable, and getting your ticket and going through the necessary formalities before you reach your seat are sufficient to deter many people from ever attending a performance. To begin at the beginning, when you go to buy your ticket you find yourself not before a good-sized window where you can converse intelligently with the ticket-seller, on the contrary, most of the ticket offices are cramped-up little places, and the window, or rather the opening across which you must make your wants known, is a little aperture often not more than ten inches square. If this so-called window were on a level with your elbows you might get on passably well, but it is usually on a line with your stomach, and to carry on your conversation it is necessary to bend over painfully low.

The ticket-seller is usually a woman—the *buraliste*, as she is called—and, as a rule, she is no longer at an age that inspires any tender passion. On the contrary most of these *buralistes* have been so long in office that they believe themselves to be the veritable manager of the theater. Directors, actors and authors fear them much more than they fear the public. The *buraliste's* reply to your questions is generally very short, and not always sweet, and I sometimes think that the little windows were made expressly to keep the ticket-seller at a safe distance from her purchaser.

If you succeed in getting a ticket you will receive not the convenient little bit of pasteboard so familiar to America, with the date and hour of performance, number of seat, etc., printed, but a large square piece of paper with your name, number of seat, and, if the play is given every night, number of the performance written thereon. Thus, if you purchase a seat for the fifteenth representation of a piece you must keep a look out to see when that fifteenth performance takes place. At many of the theaters you get no check attached to your ticket; the number is simply written on, and when you arrive at the theater your ticket is taken up and you are placed by an usher. To finish with the ticket, if it costs more than ten francs it must have a Government stamp, for which you pay two cents.—*Boston Courier.*

—Eight hundred dollars in greenbacks were found tucked away in the corner of a sleigh owned by a firm in Portland, Me., when it was brought out for use after the late fall of snow. The money is supposed to belong to a tramp who slept in the stable for a while and was sent to jail for three months for vagrancy.—*Boston Transcript.*

Overworking the Participle.

The call for the Republican National Convention undertakes to make the issues for that party, for next year. The call is addressed (1), "To the Republican electors of the several States," and (2), "To all other voters without regard to past political differences" who are in favor of several propositions, which are expressed in language as follows: "Elevating and dignifying American labor;" "extending and protecting home industry;" "giving free popular education to the masses of the people;" "securing free suffrage and an honest counting of ballots;" "effectually protecting human rights, in every section of our common country;" "promoting friendly feeling and permanent harmony throughout the land." All of these expressions commit what Sydney Smith regarded as a serious offense. They "overwork the participle." Some of them are too general for praise or assault.

What is meant by "elevating and dignifying American labor," by the party which is on record for the universal importation of Chinese laborers? Will any action by any party, in a National convention, have any relation to the law of supply and demand in work? Will it affect wages, hours or work in any way? As good old Dr. Johnson used to say: "Gentlemen, clear your minds of humbug." The most pitiable fallacy is the humbug of supposing that you can humbug others. The men who work with hands, with tools or with brain, in this land, know that that kind of talk in the call is humbug; that it is uttered by men who take them to be fools. Sobriety, industry, skill, honesty and courage enable men to hold their own at breadwinning, unless hordes of heathen are brought in, to crowd them out, or thousands of convicts are put at work which competes with the vocation and arts of law-abiding citizens. The party of cheap Chinese labor, and the party whose legislators are charged by every Republican paper to defy and disregard the great demand for the abolition of the present method of convict labor, talks about "elevating and dignifying American labor." It is the same party, whose leaders in 1880 forced the policy of threatening thousands of workingmen with dismissal if they dared to vote as they pleased. The majority of the names signed to this call are those of men who never did an honest day's work in their lives. Those not gorged with monopoly gains, made by robber law, are political tramps, glued to the Treasury, and kept from jail or exile by the fact that they "preserved the grand old party," by frauds worthy of the gallows or the prison, in the South.

"Extending and protecting home industry" means the increase of high tariff duties. Already they make every man who has to buy the necessaries of life pay more than a price and a half for them. They close the markets of the world to the manufactured products of America. They have wiped out American commerce and destroyed American ship-building. They have caused a large portion of our factories to stop and a large portion of our foundries to shut up—because they are gorged with overproductions that can not be sent abroad and are not needed at home, where there is a glut. Stopping or shortening upon work means the dry rot of bankruptcy to the manufacturer and the quick distress of enforced idleness to the workingmen. A prohibition tariff is constipation to commerce, paralysis to manufacturing, starvation to labor, and confiscation to the money of producers and consumers—all because more stuff is made than can be sold at home, and high duties cut off a market abroad. The stuff rots unsold in the store-houses. The workmen go idle in the streets, to find hunger and hopelessness at home. The honest manufacturer is taxed at a ruinous rate on the raw materials needed by him in his work. He has to stop; his hands are discharged. The few monopolists grow richer hourly on the common corner they have made on the energies, ingenuity and miseries of men in these States. Knowing what protection really means, knowing the profligacy it works in taxes and the ruin it works in trade, prices, labor, production, manufacturing and buying, we say: "Welcome the issue!" Civilization, conscience, events, opinion, needs and manifest destiny make for revenue reform. The Democracy stand for it, and stand or fall with it.

To "giving free popular education to the masses of the people" no one is opposed. The Democracy say: "Do it by States." Every State has its common school system. Progress from ignorance to knowledge is going on everywhere. The Republicans say: "Do this work through pauper schools set up in States by the central Government, through political emissaries." That is their last scheme of paternalism. They invent it, to get a means to use up part of the yearly $100,000,000 surplus, which, they say, must be perpetual. The Democrats demand that taxation be cut down to the line of actual expenses. All beyond that line is robbery. The people clearly understand the question.

The other propositions are self-refuting or meaningless. "Securing free suffrage and honest counting of ballots" is work not in the charge or purpose of those who put in Hayes and Wheeler, by fraud of count, and Garfield and Arthur, by fraud of corruption. A committee chairmaned by Sabin, who is declared by every reform Republican to have bought his election to the Senate, monitored by Wm. E. Chandler, who executed the Florida fraud and the Robeson-Roach contracts, and counseled in the interest of those who carried the last Convention at Saratoga by crime, is simply guilty of satire and effrontery in talking of "free suffrage" and "an honest counting." "Effectually protecting human rights" is a Republican indictment of the Republican United States Supreme Court, for deciding the Civil-Rights bill unconstitutional. The party lacking knowledge or purpose to legislate efficiently for "human rights" is the Republican. Its record uproots its rhetoric on the subject. "The promotion of friendly feeling and permanent harmony" will not be devolved on the wavers of the bloody shirt.

These are the "issues" presented by Republicanism. Those that are not empty are rankly Bourbonish. The country is pulsing with reform and conscience. The Republican party ask it to diet on demagoguery, hate, reaction and charlatanistic chicanery. There is no honor in its policy, there is no progress in it, there is no patriotism in it, there is no statesmanship in it. The votes of the people can be relied on to show that there is no success in it.—*Albany Argus.*

The Old Issues to the Front.

In every election which has taken place since the Republican party has come into power that party has had two issues which it constantly pushed to the front. One was the "bloody shirt" and the other the imperiled "business interests." Upon these two strings it has been wont to play most dreadful and discordant music to the ears of timid people. The scare on "business interests" was intended to reach the ears of the commercial and industrial part of the people, and the dreadful outrages at the South was meant to paralyze the benevolent and philanthropic people of the country, whose delicate sensibilities could easily be inflamed by skilfully told stories of desperate assaults upon the inoffensive and harmless colored brother. These familiar schemes are well known to all the country, and as they were thought to contain much food for the stumper, and abound in fruitful texts for the average editor, they have done yeoman service in several campaigns. But it has been noticed by observing people that as soon as the election was over the colored brother found no one to molest or make him afraid, and the business concerns of the country gave no evidences of the fearful danger which they had escaped. This singular thing has doubtless caused some remark and perhaps given rise to the suspicion that after all these picturesque accounts of Southern troubles and impending commercial dangers may have been only the visions of the disordered fancies of Republican statesmen, superinduced by dwelling too severely upon the possibility of losing their patronage and their offices. Such a danger to the mind of a Republican statesman might possibly produce a disordered fancy and give rise to the most fearful apprehensions: The loss of position and power might possibly present great uneasiness to the mind of those profiting by party domination, and the most harrowing specters might rise to confront them, and through them the country, in the event of party disaster. But as no social upheavals, no commercial disasters have followed the narrow escape which the country has made upon several recent occasions when the Democracy were very near obtaining the supreme power, it may be reasonably inferred that perhaps all this racket is but the device of Republican politicians to save themselves from danger. At any rate it is safe to receive all such harrowing announcements with much allowance, for these dreadful visitations seem only to come with the return of the Presidential year. In a sort of feeble way this humbuggery is now again sought to be tried on. The Republican editor sees danger to the negro in the defeat of Mahone in Virginia, and sees commercial calamities in the election of Mr. Carlisle. Of course the old plan won't work so well this time, because the people are getting tired of fleeing from Republican ghosts, but it will try the old dodge just the same. It is but a sorry attempt to save a discouraged party from defeat, but as it is the best they can do perhaps we ought not criticise them too severely. It will be the last time they will ever use it, and let them make the best of it.—*American Register.*

Found His Level.

The claim asserted in behalf of General Mahone that, as a distinctive and peculiar factor in the politics of the Republican party, he was entitled to some peculiar and distinctive recognition, based upon alleged services for the cause in Virginia, has finally been passed upon and is unreservedly rejected.

The verdict of the people of his own State was rendered on the 6th of November overwhelmingly against him.

The accounts between him and the Administration show a balance, which is also heavily against him. He is debited with item after item of Federal patronage, but the credit page is hopelessly blank.

The Republican National Committee, which met in this city on Wednesday last, dared not mention his name. Even Mr. Chandler's Southern outrage resolution, which was adopted by the Committee, is impersonal and so indefinite that it might have been passed at any time during the last fifteen years with equal appropriateness and had no such person as Mahone ever existed.

So with the call of the Committee, in its pointless and general allusions to free suffrage, an honest ballot and the protection of human rights—it is still a thinner and more insipid sop.

And now the Republican Senatorial caucus so far forgets the services, sacrifices and martyrdom of General Mahone that it ruthlessly overslaughs the candidate of his own naming and bursts the bubble of his political importance.

Participating in the proceedings of the caucus as a Republican he could not do otherwise than abide its action. He has broken bread with the new communion and can not betray his pledges. But he is no longer a dictator of nominations, no longer a power to be courted, no longer a bandit to be negotiated with, no longer the wedge to split the Solid South. He is simply a Republican Senator.—*Washington Post.*

—Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton, and Dr. James R. Nichols, of the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, regard the reflecting stratum in the upper air as the product of the Javan volcanoes. They believe the matter is volcanic dust. This theory will take its place with others, but it seems inadequate. Calculating the superficial area covered by the stratum reflecting the red light it will be seen that it is hardly reasonable that the volcanoes in Java could have poured dust enough into the air to form a shell around the entire earth.

—Colonel Aderhold, of Kissimmee City, Fla., has trained fish which are as gentle as chickens. When he appears they swim toward him to receive their food from his hand. The bream and perch feed at the first table, the catfish comes afterward. The little creatures form a thoroughly happy family.—*Detroit Post.*

Our Young Folks.

SOPHY'S LESSON.

It was March in the wild Maine forests, but it might as well have been midwinter for all the appearance of spring that there was in those desolate regions. The pines and spruces were all bowed down with their weight of snow, the "Silent Lake" was frozen until it shone like a sheet of blue steel, and the sloping roof of the "Sportsman's Retreat" was covered with pearly masses of whiteness. To Mrs. Fay, who had come from a crowded city, it was very lonesome, but the children jumped and danced about in the snow, and declared it was "lovely."

Aunt Hepsy Smith lived there, and took winter care of the little tavern—for hotel it could scarcely be called—while her son John, a sturdy giant of two-and-twenty, was cutting down trees on the mountain-side, and sometimes did not come home for two or three days at a time,

Mr. Fay, who was Aunt Hepsy's nephew, had gone into partnership with John in the lumbering business, and had taken a fleet of rafts down the river, while his wife had come to this solitary spot, with her two little girls, Sophy and Sissy, to stay with good Aunt Hepsy until his return.

"But I never thought it was right out in the wilderness," said she, "or I wouldn't have come."

For Mrs. Fay had lived all her life in a city, and the frozen solitudes of the country were a new experience to her.

"Oh, you'll get used to it," said Aunt Hepsy. "It's pretty gay in summer-time, when the city folks all come out here. La! you ought to see the boats on the lake, and a little steamer once a week."

"Where are the boats now, Aunt Hepsy?" asked Sissy, a plump little lass of four years old.

"All locked up in the boat-houses, half a mile off," Aunt Hepsy answered.

"Are there any Indians in these woods?" said Sophy, who had just been reading "The Last of the Mohicans," and whose little head was full of "Uncas" and "Chingachgook."

"La, no, child!" said Aunt Hepsy. "Once in a while the squaws come through, selling baskets, in the summer-time, and old Pia, who begs cold victuals, was here once—a regular old rascal, who would sell his soul for a pint of whisky. There isn't nobody here now but lumbermen and trappers, and that sort of people."

"What do they set traps for?" said Sissy—"mice?"

"Furred creatures," explained Aunt Hepsy; "martens and sables and minks, and all them vermin."

But in a few days Mrs. Fay began to be reconciled to the snow and the solitude. They kept great blazing fires in the sitting-room, and Aunt Hepsy had plenty of books in a home-made bookcase, and there came story papers every week from New York and Boston, for John was a great reader when he was at home. And John promised to make Sissy a little ermine tippet the very next ermine that he caught in his traps, and described to Sophy a fine bee-tree, which he had already marked for his own.

"We'll go after the honey one of these days," said he. "Do you like biscuits and honey?"

"Oh, don't I though?" cried Sophy, clapping her hands.

One day a neighbor came to ask Aunt Hepsy to go half across the island on his rude board sledge, to see his little daughter, who was very ill with diphtheria.

"Of course I'll go," said Aunt Hepsy, "but I don't know much about the disease."

Mrs. Fay did, however. Sophy had once been very ill with it, and so she volunteered to go also, and give what aid she could.

"Can't we go, too, mother?" said Sophy.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Fay. "Do you want to catch the diphtheria again?"

So while the two women got ready for the long, cold ride, Mr. Nuttall—which was the neighbor's name—amused the little girls by telling them how he had seen a "painter" in the woods as he came down.

"A reg'lar roarer!" said he. "The size of a calf, 'most!"

"What is a painter?" said Sissy. "Is it a tree?"

"No, it's a panther," said Mr. Nuttall. "A monster wild cat! They're dreadful fierce creatures; but you don't often see 'em this way unless they're starved out of the wilderness where they prowl."

"I should like to see a painter," said Sophy.

"Well, I guess you wouldn't want to see it the second time," said Mr. Nuttall.

Just then the women came in, all bundled up like Arctic explorers.

"Be sure you take good care of Sissy, Sophy," said Mrs. Fay. "The supper is all ready on the stove, and you can choose which ever kind of jam you like, out of the cupboard. John will be home to-night, and he will look after you until we get back to-morrow morning."

Sophy promised faithfully, and the little girls kissed their mother and Aunt Hepsy, and stood smiling at the window until the sledge had driven away.

There was no doors locked or bolts drawn; in these solitary wilds there are no tramps nor burglars to fear. Sissy got out her paper dolls and began to play with them, and Sophy curled herself up near the fire to read a delicious story-book called "Alonzo and Melissa," which she had rummaged out of the chimney cupboard. When Sophy got a book she always lost herself, and it was very difficult to find her again.

Pretty soon Sissy got tired of her paper dolly, and she came to her sister's side.

"Sophy," said she, "will you read to me out of the Mother Hubbard book?"

"Go away, child," said Sophy, waving her off without lifting her eyes from the page.

"Oh, play checkers!" said Sissy, leaning her cheek against her sister's shoulder.

"Oh, do leave off teasing!" said Sophy. "I can't be bothered!"

Sissy, thus repulsed, trotted off again, and, peeping out of the door, decided that she would go and feed the fowls, that were stalking around the door in a very discontented sort of way.

So she put on her little red hood and worsted jacket, tugged to pull on her rubbers, and trudged out with some cracked corn in a tin pan, as she had seen Aunt Hepsy do.

Sophy read on and on, until it became so dark that she could hardly distinguish one word from another. Then all of a sudden she discovered, from the chill in the air, that the logs had nearly burned out, and, from the unusual silence, that Sissy was gone.

She called "Sissy!" No answer came.

She ran to the door and looked out, but nothing could be seen save little foot-tracks in the snow, which followed along the outlines made by the sledge.

"She can't have gone after mother," thought Sophy, with a sudden thrill of terror—"out into those solitary woods, and with the painters prowling there, too!"

Sophy was a brave little lass, although she was apt to be careless and neglectful at times, so she caught up the hammer—the first weapon of attack or defense which she could seize upon—flung on her hat and shawl, and started on a run to follow the small footprints, calling "Sissy! Sissy!" as she went.

After a little the tiny marks left the tracks of the sledge, and started off into the woods, in all sorts of odd, zigzag directions, and with a sinking heart Sophy followed them, until at last they stopped at the foot of a monster pine tree, which towered far up into the sky—stopped in a curious confusion, as if the snow had been tramped down—and there, mingled with the oblong shape of the little rubbers, were huge, heavy prints, like those of a large dog's feet.

Sophy's head seemed to swim; she grew very pale.

"The painter! The painter!" That was all that she could think of. Surely he could not have torn the child in pieces and left no more traces than that! Or perhaps he had dragged her away, shrieking, helpless.

And with this horrible vision dancing before her imagination, Sophy set out on a run over the snowy path, still following the tracks of the animal.

"If he has eaten Sissy, he may eat me, too," said she, despairingly. "I never shall dare to look mother in the face again."

As she ran breathlessly along, sobbing, faint and half-frozen, a far-off scream struck upon her ear. She stood still to listen.

It was not the roar of a wild beast, nor the shriek of a victim; but it was the sound of laughter and merry voices, and she could distinctly hear Sissy's shrill tones, saying:

"Won't you take me around by the bee-tree, John? Do. *Please* do. I never saw a bee-tree!"

"It's too late now, chick!" Cousin John's voice answered. And through an opening in the trees, Sophy came in view of Cousin John's tall, stalwart figure stalking along, while beside him trotted Bruno, the huge Newfoundland dog, who always went into the woods with his master and returned when he did, with Sissy triumphantly riding on his back!

For honest old Bruno was the creature with paws whom Sissy had met, and whom, after her usual romping fashion, she had ridden back to meet Cousin John.

Can you imagine how Sophy hugged and kissed Sissy? Can you imagine what a weight was lifted off her mind? Between tears and laughter she told them what she had feared.

Sissy laughed at the idea, but John shook his head and told her she must never venture out of sight of the house again by herself.

"It ain't safe," said he. "The wild beasts are venturesome when the snow lies deep, and we can't afford to lose our little Sissy!"

They all proceeded happily homeward, and if the panther was anywhere about those woods he did not get a chance to devour either of the Fay children that evening.

And Sophy secretly determined never, never to relax her care of dear little Sissy again."—*Lucy Randall Comfort, in Golden Days.*

Why Tommy Was in Bed.

The sun was shining brightly. It was only two o'clock in the afternoon, and yet Tommy was in bed. The fact is, he had been in bed since ten o'clock. Do you want to know why? You may be sure it was not from choice, for Tommy was very fond of playing out doors, and was always the first to get up in the morning. But he was a very mischievous little boy, and liked to tease his little playmates.

"Oh, dear!" said his little sister Edith one day, "I wish my hair was curly. I like curly hair so much!"

"I will tell you how to make it curly," said Tommy. "Put mucilage on it to-night, and in the morning it will be curled tight to your head."

Edith was only three years old, and did not know that Tommy was teasing her. So that night, after her nurse had put her to bed and had gone downstairs, she jumped up and went into the library. The mucilage was on a desk, and Edith emptied it over her head and rubbed it in well. Then she went back to bed again, sure that her hair would now be curly.

Oh, what a little fright she was when morning came! Her pretty brown hair was stuck tight to her head in a thick mass. Her mamma tried to wash the mucilage out; but it could not be done. The poor little head had to be shaved at last.

"Tom must be punished," said mamma.

Tom was found hiding behind the wood-pile. You may be sure he cried when he found that he was to be punished.

And that was the reason Tommy was in bed when the sun was shining. Don't you think he deserved to be there?—*Our Little Ones.*

—James Whaling, the Northern Pacific official killed by an accident the other day, was only thirty-eight years old, but he had made and lost several fortunes in his day, his expenses while living at a Chicago hotel four or five years ago figuring up from $15,000 to $20,000 a month.—*Chicago News.*